



Tattersall's Club Magazine

The
OFFICIAL ORGAN
OF
TATTERSALL'S CLUB
SYDNEY.

Vol. 18. No. 3. May, 1945.



AUSTRALIAN JOCKEY CLUB

WINTER MEETING

to be held at

R A N D W I C K

JUNE 16th and 23rd, 1945



Principal Events:

FIRST DAY, SATURDAY, 16th JUNE, 1945

THE JUNE STAKES, £1000 added

Six Furlongs

SECOND DAY, SATURDAY, 23rd JUNE, 1945

THE WINTER STAKES, £1250 added

One Mile and Five Furlongs



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GEO. T. ROWE, Secretary.



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TATTERSALL'S CLUB

157 ELIZABETH STREET
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Secretary :

T. T. MANNING

OUR caution against premature rejoicing, as the battle-tide set against Germany, has been borne out by events. The final fighting, as we predicted, proved bloody and protracted. So will the days ahead be full of trial for the victors.

Confronting the Allies is the peril of anarchy among tortured, hungry and homeless peoples. Problems of reconstruction will be aggravated by the conditions as they are affecting friends and foes. Unconditional surrender will mean more than a routine switch-over from war. There may be no remissness there any more than there should be relaxation here. Our task remains as real as ever.

The Japanese will take some cracking. These violent people are determined to shoot it out. All the resources of the Allies will be needed to smash them utterly.

So it is that every effort, including our effort, will still be necessary if victory is to be achieved before the furnace claims a further vast sacrifice in life and treasure.

Vol. 18—No. 3.

May, 1945.

The Club Man's Diary

MAY— BIRTHDAYS.

- 1st, V. H. Moodie, John Dolden,
Ernest Lashmar.
3rd, Roy Miller.
4th, L. M. Browne, D. F. Stewart.
5th, W. M. Jennings.
6th, H. C. Bartley, A. E. Coulthurst.
7th, L. P. R. Bean, G. A. Crawford.
8th, Lieut. D. S. Davis.
14th, C. E. Blayney.
15th, J. Goldberg.
16th, Captain L. S. Loewenthal.
22nd, De Renzie Rich, Mr. Justice Herron.
26th, R. B. Barmby, C. R. Tarrant,
J. T. Hackett.
28th, G. Chiene.
30th, Judge Clancy, A. C. Shaw.
31st, A. B. Abel.

JUNE—

- 1st, I. Green, N. Barrell.
2nd, G. B. Murtough.
5th, F. A. Comins.
7th, H. J. Robertson.
8th, R. M. Colechin.
9th, S. Baker.
11th, C. E. Young, A. E. Bailey.
14th, S. E. Thomas.
15th, J. L. Ruthven.
16th, Frank Shepherd.
17th, Dr. J. C. B. Allen, P. P. Hassett.
18th, R. A. Cullen-Ward.
19th, N. Schureck.
20th, F. G. Underwood, C. R. Cornwell.
29th, A. J. Genge, C. A. Shepherd.

As one newspaper commented, the appointment of our good friend, Jerry Dowling, as manager of the Sydney Turf Club's courses was "most satisfactory." Jerry has the knowledge and the zest for the job, supplemented by a pleasant personality.

Everybody will wish that cheerful citizen, Mannie Lyons, many happy years on his retirement as a book-maker. It will be interesting to watch how he fares as a common punter.

Tom Watson was deservedly handed a bouquet by Reg Bartley for the fine job he accomplished in directing the establishment of the British Centre's Navy Club. Reg. is president of the British Centre.

I am impressed by the condition of horses and back them; but mostly they lose, only to win in the near future. That is to say, I remember them when they lose and forget them when they win. This may confuse you, but the thought is confusing and, anyhow, I have read worse.

Hugh J. Smith, who died in Melbourne recently, had been a member of this club since Sept. 26, 1821, and we grieve the loss of such an estimable fellow. He was only a modest punter although his attendance at race meetings was regular over many years. Close friend and confidant of Eric Connolly, he told friends

that the once big punter's estate would add up to less than five figures. As you know, Eric had about £5000 in the kitty at the end.

Snowy Baker, who celebrated his 61st birthday in America recently, told a Press interviewer that he had commenced playing polo at 45. Snowy added: "When athletes start to decline it's their legs that go first. That's why polo is so much fun. Your horse provides your legs. I believe that the horse is 80 per cent. of polo, which means that, if you keep in shape, you ought to be able to play the game as long as you can find a good horse."



RIGHT HON. WINSTON CHURCHILL,
PRIME MINISTER OF GREAT BRITAIN.

"Never in the field of human conflict was so much owed by so many to so few"—August 20, 1940, after R.A.F. pilots had shot down more than 180 German aircraft on a single day in the Battle of Britain.

After her first day as typist in her new job, the blue-eyed blonde wrote her mother that she had started off on a new lap.

* * *

One whose reflections on the end of Mussolini might be guessed is Anthony Eden who was relieved by the Foreign Office as a means of appeasing the Italian dictator at the height of his Augustan madness. Eden, strong for sanctions, had an interview in Rome with the chief Blackshirt (and blackguard) after which Musso turned on the heat.

* * *

Mussolini got what was coming to him—an irregular bumping off; the rough justice of a kind that he and his partners in crime had measured out with bloody hands to opponents and innocents. Yet, as a Briton, I could not stomach the vile orgy that followed his death. There was no Allied authority in a position at the time to have controlled those events, but that they could not have happened in a British community is a comforting reflection on the score of the spiritual regeneration of the world.

Mussolini proved a craven at heart. His obsessing thought was to plot a cowardly get-away. For all his evil record he might have remained historically in the picture had he gone under fighting with those who had gambled and lost. What he feared in the end was justice. He lacked guts.

* * *

Such fear overtook many of his brother Nazis who, cowering in their last redoubts, swallowed poison. These were the gods of the "superior race," which the supreme test found inferior and festering within.

* * *

They left a world corrupted by all the baser passions; and its spiritual purging, no less than its physical reconstruction, will beggar a generation, maybe. As we contemplate the chaos we stand aghast, but hope is renewed by the reflection that, when the lights of London went on again, they were in fact the rays of civilisation breaking through the darkness.

* * *

The Nazi and Fascist regimes proved that they could impel, but could not inspire. They inflamed fanaticism, but failed utterly to arouse devotion. In the end—as

Napoleon said always would be—the spirit triumphed over the sword.

* * *

And as I wrote in a frontispiece many months ago, the regeneration of the world, including Germany and Italy, remains a task primarily for Britain. The aged, the middle-aged, and the youth of those countries are probably beyond redemption. They must be controlled and corrected—and no durned rot about it. But there remain the children not indoctrinated with the Nazi and Fascist virus. For the good of the world they must be reclaimed from the polluted atmosphere of their countries, and their education set upon firm moral grounds. They should be taught to play sport as the British and the Americans do, and be just as capable in time of turning naturally from anything that "isn't cricket."

* * *

Talking of making the punishment fit the crime, I heard an old cricketer say that what should have happened to Hitler was to have been bowled for a duck in both innings by an English Serviceman at Lords. No purpose would have been served thereby. Hitler and his Nazis had no acquaintance with sport and no sense of sportsmanship. Their moment of desolation came at the first realisation that they were heading for the pavilion in a test with men of a sporting breed.

I do hope that, since this war has closed in the European theatre, we will not get personalities out of perspective; that the statesmen and the generals will not be out-glamorised by the divorcees of the screen or the "wonder boys" in the sporting arenas. After all, Churchill, Montgomery, Alexander, Tedder and others are still playing.

* * *

Ald. James McMahon was one of the greatest full-backs produced by the Rugby Union game (wrote the "Daily Mirror"). In his heyday he bowled over giant forwards from N.Z., took the ball perilously off-their toes, and found the line with finely judged relief kicks under pressure. Once, when only 18, he went down on the ball as the All Blacks charged. It seemed that a steeplechase field had passed over him. Half-stunned, he still could hear a voice shouting above the roar of the crowd: "Jimmy, I tell ye, get

up!" It was the voice of his father, the late "Butty" McMahon. Jimmy did get up—with an ear nearly torn off—and played on.

* * *

Soon—I heard one woman say to another on the tram—the silk stocking will make its reappearance. I always regard this craze as one of the social blights; for, without moralising, it developed the desires of many good little girls from sweet contentment to a disordered conception of living. Anything but silk was discarded as dowdy, and self-denial was suffered in matters of food and health to satisfy a craving for the non-essential.

I am human enough to admit that there is a lure in the silk stocking and, if it isn't as serviceable as lisle, the sensation associated with wear—and stare—is matchless. Still, the sensual thing is not worth the envies it has aroused; the tragedies it has enacted.

* * *

Capt. J. R. Patrick died suddenly on May 7. He had made his own way in life and was a formidable fighter in affairs that called for the courage to tackle and overcome the toughest challenges, but in essence he was a man of generosity and firm friendship. He had a big and kindly heart and his generosity was unbounded.

* * *

Flying Officer Frank Shepherd, son of Frank Shepherd of this club, is now in his 5th year of service with the R.A.A.F. Arriving in Europe from South Africa, he was in Germany just prior to the outbreak of war; in fact, had only just landed in Sweden when war was declared. He immediately returned to Australia via America and Canada to enlist. After graduating in Canada he went to England to serve and, later, the Middle East, Persia, India and Italy. His father received a letter recently saying he was serving in France attached to the R.A.F. and stationed with other officers at an old French mansion with German prisoners as batmen. Frank's sister, Gwen, braved the submarines two years ago to go home to Scotland to marry Lieutenant Commander Marcus Bolton, R.N.V.R.

(Continued on Page 13.)

TATTERSALL'S CLUB

SPECIALLY IMPORTED

HOUSE Whisky

(Highland Nectar)

PRODUCE OF SCOTLAND

Bottled under the supervision
of the Commonwealth Customs

BILLIARDS AND SNOOKER

Ex-Australian Champion Offers a Scheme to Make Billiards Easier and Bring it Back to its Former Place in General Favour.

From time to time some alteration in the rules of billiards is advanced but the authorities have shown time and again they are averse to tinkering with any law on the game unless it can be shown it is detrimental.

It is not denied, of course, that many alterations have been made in recent years but, in the main, this has been brought about through exploitation of some particular phase by professionals.

The rules have been substantially altered in an endeavour to make the game more difficult for champion Walter Lindrum.

The number of consecutive canons, of hazards and the baulk-line rule are cases in point.

But, such obstacles rarely, if ever, affect the amateur because they only take effect after an abnormal run.

GAME IS TOO DIFFICULT.

Amateurs believe the game, under present conditions, is too difficult and because of that the vogue for snooker has been brought into favour.

That is a pity, because the superior skill required for the three-ball game is one of its greatest charms.

Also, there is a comforting feeling for the cueist when something worth while has been achieved at billiards whereas a big break at snooker is

often the result of a number of fluky positions not dreamed of by the man behind the cue.

There are flukes in billiards admittedly, but the 'positional flukes' in snooker abound in almost every game played by amateurs.

Some time back this page offered suggestions to break down some of the hurdles at billiards, and now comes a fine suggestion from the ex-Australian amateur champion, Mr. J. R. Hooper.

None will deny Mr. Hooper's right to speak with authority as few more able amateurs have ever graced a table in this country and, unquestionably, none with greater artistry.

All agree that in style and general approach "J.R.H." assimilates the finished professional and, as a player, definitely superior to some who have earned big names in the professional billiards world.

Mr. Hooper wants to have the game simplified for one reason only—to make it more attractive. Here are his views as conveyed by letter over his signature:—

THE HOOPER IDEA.

"Having been asked my opinion of the suggestion to improve billiards by placing the opponent's white on the centre spot after being potted, I think it would greatly improve the game for amateurs.

The game would be considerably easier and much bigger breaks would result.

My reasons for saying so are:

(1) It would frequently allow the player to pot the white and gain position to allow him to continue the break.

(2) It would make a more open and more enjoyable game as safety play would be made much more difficult and 'double-baulks' impossible.

(3) It is important to make the game easier for amateurs, and this, I think, would have the desired effect.

It would be necessary to provide for the spotting of the balls when the spots were occupied. I suggest the following:

(a) When the centre spot is occupied to place the ball on the

pyramid spot and, if this also be occupied, on the billiards spot.

(b) After two consecutive pots of the white it shall be spotted on the pyramid spot or, if that be occupied, on the billiard spot.

(c) After two consecutive 'spot strokes' with the red that ball to be spotted on the centre spot or, if occupied, on the pyramid spot. If both are occupied the red to go back on the billiard spot.

In my opinion the main reason why the interest in billiards has fallen off is because the game is too difficult. My scheme may bring that interest back."

The suggestions are certainly constructive. What do members think? Perhaps a trial or two may prove Mr. Hooper's contention. It should be well worth while.

Other schemes have been proposed from time to time and they, too, have suggested re-spotting the white after potting. But, in almost every instance the proposal has been to spot the 'spot-white' on the right-hand D-spot and the plain white opposite on the left-hand D-spot. Mr. Hooper appears to have struck something more pliable as, with the D-spotting, the ball would really be out of play for the moment if the striker were in hand. The proposed centre-spotting would prevent this.



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TIRED BURNING
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A bald head is the result of neglected dandruff. A quick daily massage with Crystolis Rapid will destroy the hidden dandruff parasite that is causing your hair to fall out . . . and will check baldness NOW! Crystolis Rapid cleanses and invigorates your scalp . . . keeps your hair young and luxuriant . . . stimulates new growth. At all chemists.

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THE ROMANCE OF THE DERBY

Dante's Prospects Favoured

(By A. Knight, "Musket").

Early next month will be decided the English Derby, or the Blue Riband of the Turf, as so aptly described by Lord Disraeli when commiserating with Lord George Bentinck, who, after several vain attempts to win the Derby, had the previous year dispersed his stud, which included Surplice, the winner of the historic classic in 1848.

When the Derby was first competed for in 1780, none of those who participated in the sport on that occasion could have had the remotest idea of the importance that was to be attached in after years to the event they were inaugurating, for now it is recognised the world over—the sporting world, that is—as the most important race in turf history, the winner of which is assured of a successful stud career for some seasons; and if he should make good in that time by producing winners of pretensions, his owner can command service fees up to £500 from those who wish to book mares to the horse. Winning the Derby is therefore not only an honour and immense pleasure, but a most profitable one to the winner's connections.

This Year's Probable Winner.

In selecting the likely colt to provide the winner of the Derby, the only guide racegoers have is to dissect the performances of the previous season's two-year-olds; but that does not work out satisfactorily in most cases, for the simple reason that it now and again happens that the brilliant colt in his first season fails to reproduce that form at three years—probably is too brilliant to become a stayer. We

had an illustration of that state of affairs here a few years back, when Yaralla carried all before him at two years, but proved to be a non-stayer at three. The same applies to England, as will be gleaned from the many disappointments among those heading the Free Handicap published since 1919:—

1919	Tetratema
1920	Leighton
1921	Golden Corn
1922	Town Guard
1923	Mumtaz Mahal
1924	Saucy Sue
1925	Coronach
1926	The Satrap
1927	Fairway
1928	Tiffin
1929	Diolite
1930	Jacopo
1931	Orwell
1932	Myrobella
1933	Colombo
1934	Bahram
1935	Bala Hissar
1936	Foray
1937	...	Portmarnock
1938	.	Foxbrough II.
1939	...	Tant Mieux
1940	Poise
1941	Sun Chariot
1942	Lady Sybil
1943	Orestes

These were the two-year-olds to perform better than the others in their respective years, and here are the classic records of those who won:—

Tetratema (Two Thousand Guineas).

Saucy Sue (One Thousand Guineas and Oaks).

Coronach (Derby and St. Leger).
Fairway (St. Leger).

Diolite (Two Thousand Guineas).

Orwell (Two Thousand Guineas).

Colombo (Two Thousand Guineas).

Bahram (Two Thousand Guineas, Derby and St. Leger).

Sun Chariot (One Thousand Guineas, Oaks, and St. Leger).

It will thus be seen that 16 of the best 25 two-year-olds in their different years failed to win a classic at three. Consequently to select the best two-year-old of 1944 as the Derby winner of 1945 is somewhat risky. Nevertheless, it looks fairly safe to pin one's faith to Dante, the undefeated hero of last season. Some English writers are of the opinion that he is too bril-



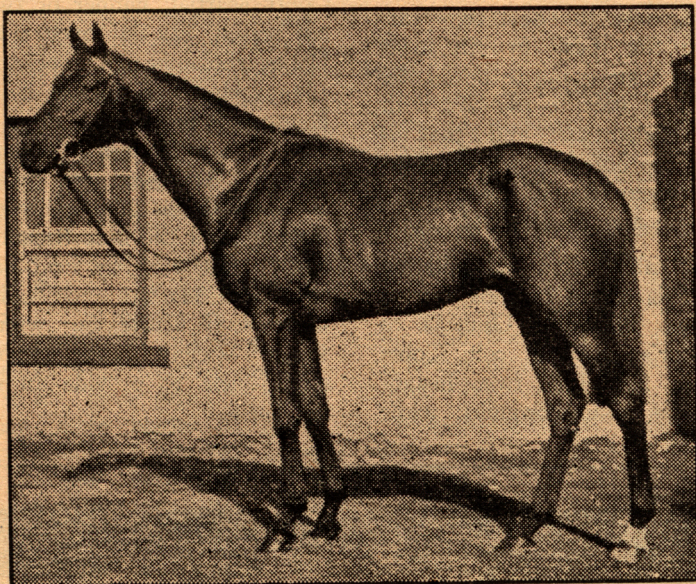
The Twelfth Earl of Derby, after whom the famous race was named.

liant to make a stayer; while others assert that he is the ideal type, having size and scope, which generally means improvement beyond the normal. Then there are other critics to question his breeding. What fault they can find with it is puzzling, for he is by the unbeaten

lineage. One of his critics is Sergeant A. A. Hill, one of our airmen now stationed in England, who prefers High Peak (Hyperion-Leger Day) to Dante, his reason being that the latter will pull so hard in a race over a mile and a half that he will beat himself. High

formation, speed and courage. We all know that he is backward, but what room for development!" said the Sergeant.

Opinions will always differ where the merits of the racehorse are concerned; that is what bookmakers thrive on. And Sergeant Hill may be one of those expert judges who discerns in High Peak the makings of a great three-year-old. There have been instances of horses who did not really reach the peak of their form until later on even than three years. Persimmon, according to his trainer, Richard Marsh, was a better horse at four years than earlier, though he won the Derby and St. Leger the previous season. In High Peak the Australian airman may see another Persimmon, but performances point to Dante as this year's classic hero. His sire won seven races in a row at two, and this did not prevent him remaining unbeaten after seven more at three years. Another instance was St. Simon, who was never extended at two, and yet won the Ascot Gold Cup, 2½ miles, at three years, by 20 lengths. He was not entered for the Derby in his year, but would have been an easy winner had he the opportunity, for he was undoubtedly the great

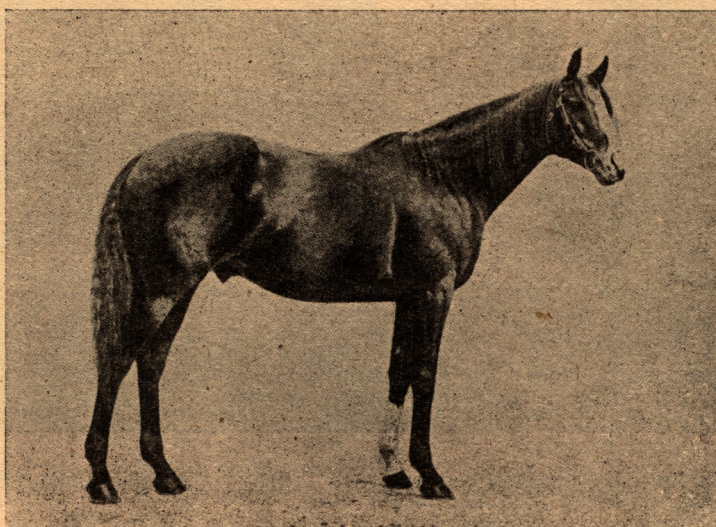


DANTE, Sir Eric Ohlson's colt.

Italian-bred horse Nearco, winner of 13 races in his own country, and then journeying to France to win the Grand Prix de Paris. And all these races were won with consummate ease, from a length and a half to 100 yards. His son, Dante, won his races last season in much the same manner, and apparently has inherited his sire's brilliant speed. Nearco is by Pharos from Nogara, by Haversac from Catnip, by Spearmint. Scapa Flow, the dam of Pharos, was by Chaucer (son of St. Simon), and Haversac was by the St. Simon horse Rabelais. There we have a double cross of the greatest horse in English turf history, and then, for good measure, there is the blood of Spearmint, a son of the best horse bred in this part of the world—the mighty Carbine.

To my way of thinking, it is surprising that any student of breeding could find fault with Dante's

Peak, on the other hand, was not forward enough to do himself justice at two years, "but is the finest individual, as a two-year-old, that I have ever set eyes on, and has all that it takes—breeding, con-



SPEARMINT, whose blood is to be found in the pedigrees of second and third in the Two Thousand Guineas.

est horse of the last century. A number of people give the palm to Ormonde, who has often been described as "the horse of the century"; but the admirers of that admittedly good horse overlook the fact that Ormonde, excepting in the St Leger, never ran at any distance beyond a mile and a half. St. Simon, on the other hand, won from four furlongs to two miles and a half. But he had only nine unbeaten victories to his credit, while Ormonde had 16; hence the reason why he was rated a better horse than St. Simon, who did not race after three years.

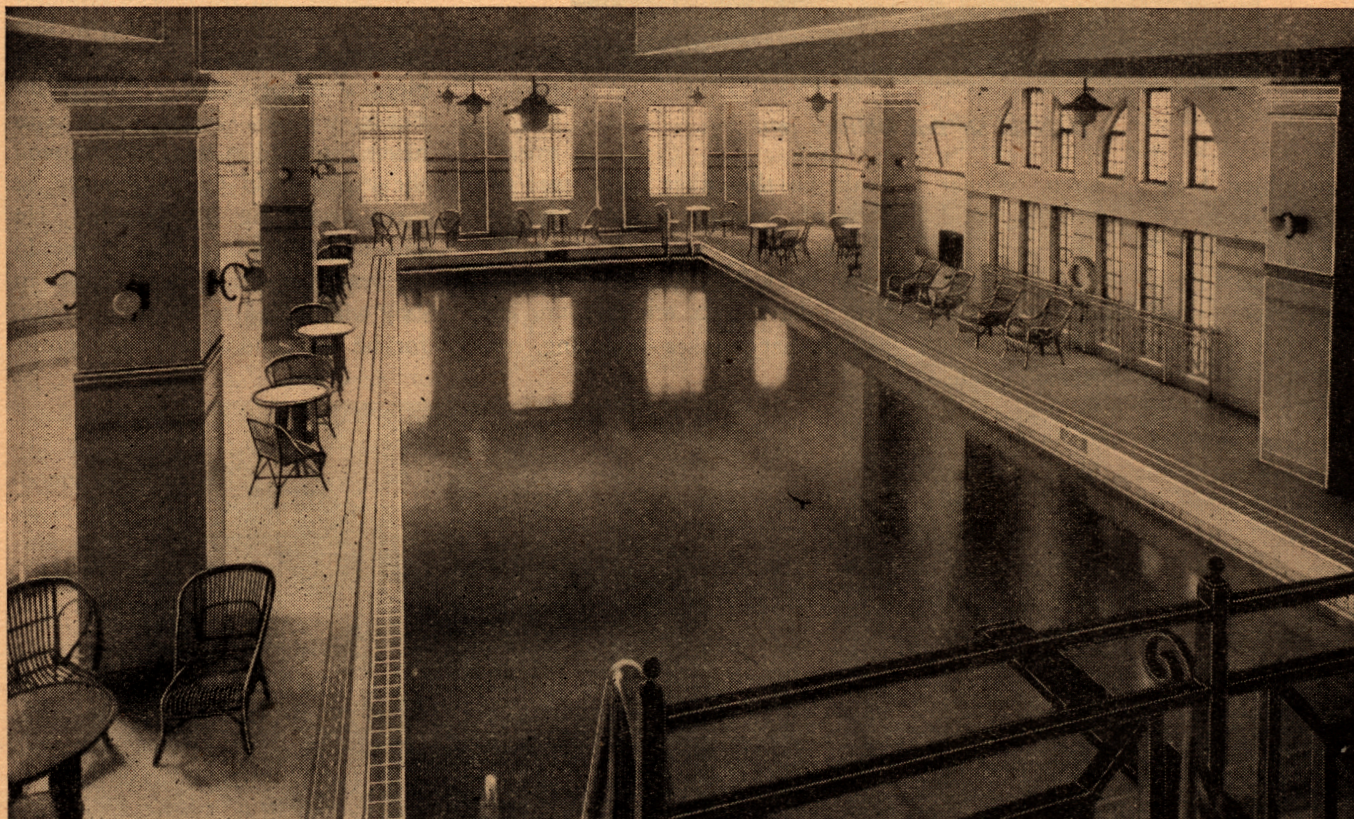
Other instances could be given of the best two-year-old being still the champion at three—the Australian colt Rampion, for instance—but there can be no denying that often a backyard two-year-old has

been too good for his contemporaries in the next season, a noted performer being Poseidon, of no account in his first season, yet winner of the A.J.C. and V.R.C. Derbies and St. Legers, in addition to the Caulfield and Melbourne Cups, at three years.

So there is a good deal to be said for and against the best two-year-old being the best in his next season; but I am going to be on the safe side and stick to the colt with the best credentials, and that is Dante, whose breeding where stoutness is concerned will bear comparison with any of his rivals.

A brief cable from England on May 10 tells of his running second in the Two Thousand Guineas to Lord Astor's chestnut colt Court Martial, by Fair Trial from Instantaneous, by Gainsborough; while

Royal Charger, by Nearco—Sun Princess, by Solario, was third. Dante is by Nearco from Rosy Legend, by Dark Legend; so it will be seen that both second and third colts are by the same sire. The cable gives no information as to how the race was run—whether won easily or not—and it may be that Court Martial, winner of two races last season, has improved more than Dante, the unbeaten two-year-old of 1944. However, in the belief that Dante will be seen to more advantage at a mile and a half than in the Two Thousand, one mile, I pin my faith to his adding his name to the heroes of the Blue Riband of the Turf. And the two next best may be Court Martial and High Peak; while such first-season winners as Paper Weight and Chamossaire should help to provide an interesting finish.



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(Third Floor)

THE ONLY ELEVATED SWIMMING POOL IN AUSTRALIA.

BIG COMFORTS SCHEME

£800,000 has to be Found Immediately

Tattersalls Club accepts its share in the Australian Comforts Fund's work of brightening life for the men and women of the Australian Fighting Forces.

Good! It is a task of magnitude, for the A.C.F., New South Wales Division, has set out to raise £800,000 this year to do what it must do for the men and women forward.

More Australians than ever are now in the operational areas. They require more cigarettes to smoke, more books to read, more soap to wash the sweat and dirt from themselves and their clothes, more tins of powder to keep down prickly heat and tinea in the jungle, more pull-overs, sweaters and sheepskins to prevent them from freezing in the air and at sea, more paper to write home upon, more blades to shave with, more wireless sets to bring them news and merriment, more ping pong outfits, more cards, dominoes, draughts and chess for indoor relaxation.

Front Line Service.

There are three hundred odd other items which regularly or occasionally are included in the monthly distributions made by the Australian Comforts Fund, and there are less tangible "comforts" such as vaudeville shows given by A.C.F. front line troupers and moving pictures which accompany the fighters within rifle shot and bomb drop of the enemy.

These and much more are provided all the year round. They must be kept going.

Or must they?

The answer to that will come from the civilians upon whom the Service men and women rely for support; the troops cannot provide for themselves—not on their pay, even if there were shops everywhere.

The A.C.F. has pursued an expanding policy, steadily increasing its gifts and services to the men who are fighting and the women who are nursing the sick and performing other chores connected with the conduct of a war.

World Wide Service.

Wherever in the world Australian Service men and women are located, recreation huts, hostels and/or clubs have been provided

The A.C.F. accompanies the fighting forces or follows them as closely as the military commanders and the standing order "Guns and ammunition first" permit the Fund's honorary commissioners and representatives to carry hot tea and coffee and even frozen ice cream into the very front lines.

Through the efforts of the hundreds of thousands of men and women who are the A.C.F., scores of cinema outfits, hundreds of pianos, thousands of wireless sets, tens of thousands of books, hundreds of thousands of balaclavas and pull-overs, millions of razor blades, tens of millions of packets of chewing gum and hundreds of millions of cigarettes have been given to the boys.

In addition to the regular monthly issues to the troops and the annual Christmas Hamper, the A.C.F. is this year sending a mid-year hamper. Every man and woman in the operational areas will get one and they will cost the A.C.F. some hundred thousands of pounds.

A.C.F. Finances Its Allies

A.C.F., let it be noted, includes the Y.M.C.A., the Salvation Army and Y.W.C.A. Those bodies work in association with the Comforts Fund which finances them. In respect of New South Wales Division, the Australian Comforts Fund finds 100 per cent. of the war time costs in and out of Australia of these three splendid organisations. The A.C.F. has made available to the Y.M.C.A., the Salvation Army and the Y.W.C.A., since the war began, well over a million pounds.

To obtain funds to do all these things the A.C.F. has called upon public, commercial and industrial organisations to assist. The response has been magnificent.

Australia's Greatest Art Union.

An outstanding means to secure the funds required is the Salute to Valour £240,000 Art Union which the A.C.F. has organised—by far the largest art union yet known in Australia.

Supporters are asked to regard the Art Union as a donation-investment. Your donation is either a 1/- for one ticket, or a book of twenty tickets for a pound, as tickets are in books

of 24. If you are a re-seller you get the 24 tickets for £1—the four spares being either a discount or commission. Incidentally donations made this way carry a chance of winning the first prize valued at £20,000; the second prize, worth £7,000, the third prize, £3,000, and any of 2,530 other prizes, the least of which is £1.

The greatest contribution any organisation can make is for its members to take up donation-investments, and persuade others to do the same.

How the Fighters Will Benefit.

Every shilling thus realised means that some sailor, soldier or airman or servicewoman, whether in a ship at sea or under the sea, in a foxhole or splashing through a swamp, cold and numb through long flying or weary with watching and working on the ground, is kept in comforts for a week.

A donation-investment of £2/12/- entitles the donor-investor to an "adoption certificate" which sets out that he has adopted a member of the Fighting Forces for a year.

Books of tickets in the A.C.F. £240,000 Art Union will be on sale in Banks throughout the State, and from the offices of organisations which are co-operating with the A.C.F., as well as the 2,000 Branches and Contributing Funds associated with the A.C.F. throughout the State.

GOT THAT DON'T-WANT-TO-WORK-FEELING?

Check up on yourself

- ☐ Do you tire easily—feel "ALL-IN"?
- ☐ Are you nervous, jittery, irritable?
- ☐ No appetite or desire for food?
- ☐ Suffer with skin blemishes, pimples?
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Sports News From All Points

£10,000 REFUSED FOR A DOG.

Owner of Model Dasher, best greyhound in England, Mr. F. Bithel, refused an offer of £10,000 for his champion.

This takes the sting out of the old adage: "Gone to the dogs."

Any doubts as to Model Dasher being the outstanding greyhound in Great Britain over a distance of ground were set at rest when he ran the greatest race of his career to win the Wembley Stayers' Stakes over the 700 yards of the St. Leger course, writes "King Cob."

Model Dasher's triumph was enhanced by the fact that he was impeded at the first bend and baulked at the third. Even so, he succeeded in finding an opening and was clear at the sixth bend.

After that he made hacks of the field, and won by six lengths from Whitey Marsh (Oxford) in 40.65 sec. Odds of 8 to 1 were laid on Model Dasher, and the 3-9 forecast for placing the first two is one of the lowest ever recorded.

"I can make that amount of money in my business," added Mr. Bithel, "but I can never have another dog like Model Dasher."

A Tribute to "Steve."

Riders who are given to callous use of the whip might do worse than ponder this portion of a tribute paid by an Englishman to the late Steve Donoghue, one of the most famous of horsemen:—

Steve was not only a great jockey; he was a great horseman, and his famous smile and charm of manner endeared him to all. He had the loveliest "hands" imaginable, and it is no exaggeration to say that he could have ridden most horses with a silken thread.

Good "hands" are an indefinable virtue. I have seen men with fists like prizefighters with the delicate touch of Yehudi Menuhin or Walter Lindrum, and frail women who have been as "man-fisted" as navvies.

Steve loved horses, and with Brown Jack was more like a man with his pet dog than a jockey with his mount. And he was one

of the "kindest" riders I ever saw.

I remember "Brownie" Carslake once saying to me after Steve had won a race by a narrow margin without resorting to the whip: "Steve can get more out of his mounts with his little finger than any other rider with a whip and a pair of spurs." No jockey could pay another a higher tribute than that.

New Racing Order in Ireland.

Details of the Racing Board and Racecourses Bill before the Dail in Ireland reveal little that is new, and some points which would be avoided in Australia.

Ostensible aims are the improvement of racing and development of breeding.

Finance for these objects will be obtained from totalisator profits and taxation of racecourse betting.

A Racing Board of 11 persons will be set up, and they will be nominated as to six members of the Turf Club or Irish N.H. Steeplechase Committee and those representative of racecourse management, ownership of racehorses, bloodstock breeding and bookmaking.

The Board, whose annual revenue is estimated at £150,000, will make grants or loans for seven stated purposes — increase of stake money, reduction of entry charges for races and of other charges in connection with racing, payment of carriage of runners at meetings, reduction of charges for admission of the public to race

meetings, improvement of racecourses and amenities, breeding of horses and development of horse export trade.

The Board will have power to establish and maintain racecourses and to issue permits to bookmakers to conduct racecourse business.

The present Tote Board will be dissolved, and its functions and property transferred to the new Board.

The new Board will not exercise disciplinary control of racing now exercised by Turf Club and Irish National Hunt Steeplechase Committee. This control will continue to be exercised by these bodies, whose ruling "warning off" persons from racecourses it is proposed shall be given legal sanction.

Available profits from totalisator betting are anticipated to amount to £50,000 annually, and proceeds from taxation of betting with bookmakers is set down at £100,000.

£240,000 ART UNION

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AUSTRALIAN COMFORTS FUND

The Fund requires £800,000 from the citizens of N.S.W. to meet its 1945 commitment to the men and women of the Navy, Army and Air Force.

Public, Industrial and Commercial Organisations are co-operating in a drive during June, July and August to obtain this large amount of money.

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The tax on bets with bookmakers must not exceed 5 per cent., and will be collected from bookmakers, who are, however, authorised to pass the charge to the public.

Boxers Keep Staying On.

In the "good old days" a boxer who had put in twenty years' service would begin to look around for a nice little pub, make a book, or, maybe, take over one or two young lads with an aptitude for the game, and set himself up as a manager.

Not so the present school—they just keep on scrapping or, having temporarily retired, come back and start all over again.

Take most of the present-day shows, and you will find that comparatively old-timers feature the bills, and, the pity of it, prove conclusively that the younger men have still much to learn in the rudimentary elements of the game.

The foregoing, by "Straight Left," in "Sporting Life," might be a little premature.

Maybe, now that the lads of England have finished some serious scrapping overseas, they will settle down to the peacetime slogging of "the ring." Time will tell.

Gratitude From Bookmakers.

Bryn Tritoma's success at 200 to 1 in this year's Waterloo Cup, in Eng-

land, even brought a thanks-offering from a leading firm of London bookmakers.

They subscribed a cheque of £1000 to the National Coursing Club to form the nucleus of a Benevolent Fund.

According to the experts, no Waterloo Cup on the records provided more surprises or a greater volume of betting.

Stage after stage of the Cup kept the experts guessing, and the final course provided one of the stoutest hares of the meeting, and both dogs, Bryn Tritoma and Joint Command, had their course won and lost several times.

Bryn Tritoma gave his trainer, Harold Wright, his eighth Waterloo Cup success.

Derby Favourite Dante Inspected.

Dante, Two Thousand Guineas and Derby favourite, was inspected recently by an invited band of enthusiasts, who reported most favourably on his progress.

Dante stands a full 16 hands. Big as he was as a two-year-old, it is plain to see that he has grown and filled out, and everything about him is quality. He never gives his trainer the least trouble, and he eats every oat, stated one observer.

Trainer M. Peacock expressed the opinion that Dante is the best horse

ever located at the Manor House stable. Nevett, who has been on a great many good horses, including two Derby winners, Owen Tudor and Ocean Swell, thinks that Dante is the best animal he has ridden.

Lad Who Had the Will to Win.

Jack Cameron, best-known to all Australians as the man who brought The Hawk from New Zealand, was mentioned recently when a Maori lad, Whenua Wilson, won his first race in the Dominion, only a few years ago, this lad heard that Mr. Cameron wanted a boy. He was then somewhere in the Wairoa district, upwards of 100 miles away, so he set out on foot, in just what he stood up in, walked 12 miles to the nearest railway station, and embarked for Hastings. The railway guard asked young Whenua for his ticket, but the Maori boy just shook his head and pointed with his thumb over his shoulder. The official took it that his mother or father was further back in the train with the lad's ticket, but inquiry found no one who knew the youngster. Eventually the boy explained that he had no ticket, did not want one, and was going to Hastings to be made into a jockey by Jack Cameron. Fortunately the official knew Mr. Cameron and paid for the boy's pass himself and later collected what was due to him.



Going Grey?

Sydney Hairdresser reveals simple home remedy to darken grey hair

Mr. Len. Jeffrey, of Waverley, who has been a hairdresser for more than fifteen years, recently made the following statement: "Anyone can prepare a simple mixture at home that will darken grey hair and make it soft and glossy. To a half-pint of water add a box of ORLEX COMPOUND and a little perfume. These ingredients can be bought at any chemist's at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. This should make a grey-haired person appear 10 to 20 years younger. It does not discolour the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off."

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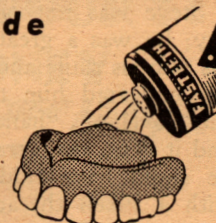
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The Club Man's Diary

(Continued from Page 3.)

When Hyam Marks and I met to discuss football, he was at first reluctant to match his opinion against mine, as an erstwhile critic, and I was chary about disputing his views as a former international—in 1899 he played for N.S.W. against the British team led by the Revd. Molyneux. Still, we agreed—he on experience and I on a lively memory from boyhood—that Gwynn Nichols, the Welsh centre three-quarter in Molyneux's team, was the greatest of all footballers in our times and since; not excepting W. J. Wallace (N.Z.), and Dally Messenger. I put Wallace before Messenger, but Mr. Marks avoided being pulled into that controversial scrum, claiming playfully that he had lost his form.

* * *

The death occurred in Brisbane of "Ginger" Colton, one of three brothers—"Puddin'" and "Yuncker"—were the others—who wore the maroon and white of Queensland in Rugby Union games against N.S.W. in the early nineteen-hundreds. "Ginger," a forward, and "Yuncker," a wing three-quarter, also represented Australia. "Yuncker" was a great runner, and conceded A. B. Postle a yard in sprints in the latter's early career.

* * *

Isn't it about time we stopped wishing one another "luck" and adopted the more substantial and dignified word, "opportunity?" People are more prone than ever to put their faith in chance, a turn-up, than to rely on enterprise for a lift in life. The practice has passed from the limitation of a flutter to the extreme of a fixation. Life would be humdrum if we didn't live some of the time in the expectation of something "turning up"; but always to be remembered in the necessity of "turning to."

* * *

At Randwick races the chairman of this club arranged for me a re-meeting with Dr. Otto Nothling, formerly representative Rugby Union footballer and representative cricketer, and now practising his profession in Maryborough (Q.), after service in the Army. Otto was always large, but he is larger now, without having developed too

much tummy. In our talk on football, he said: (1) The Rugby Union should, as he felt sure it would, make every endeavour to bring out a British team as early as possible after the war; (2) the force should be followed by a drop-out from the line; (3) from no part of the field should it be permissible for a player to kick out on the full; (4) there should be regular conferences among the British Rugby Union and representatives of the several Dominions to revise rules, and so keep pace with the times.

* * *

The sudden death on May 10 of Mrs. F. G. Underwood, a gentle and gracious lady, and the wife of our dear friend Frank, was felt keenly by the many who knew this happy couple. In this great loss we extend to Frank our heartfelt sympathy.

* * *

Another club member to suffer the loss of his wife is Mr. David Black, and to him also we offer our sincere sympathy, and trust that he will be comforted by the realisation that he has many friends amongst us.

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These Strange People

AFTER A WHILE in America you begin to wonder, furtively, if you are the only entirely sane person in the whole country (wrote David McNicoll from New York to Sydney "Daily Telegraph"). Every day when you read what people are doing and saying the conviction that most of the population are slightly off beam grows stronger. Travel on subways and talks with taxi-drivers convince you. There is no doubt, you are the only sane person.

A good example of the strange way things can happen here is provided by a girl's letter to a department store.

"Dear Sir,—I'm surprised to learn you still cling to the notion that I once bought some merchandise from your store. Apparently, your department is organised about as efficiently as a Sunday school picnic. Again, here is my case history. I wrote to you just before Christmas asking about terms on a portable typewriter. I can't remember what kind. You sent me a letter explaining the terms and enclosing an order. I did not order a typewriter. Get that—it is essential. Two days before Christmas you delivered a typewriter to my address. I returned it. About a month later one of your bright boys sent me a cheque for 28 dollars (£8/12/8). This, he explained, was to reimburse me for the purchase price of the typewriter I'd returned. Damned generous—especially as I hadn't paid any money. I returned the cheque. About a month ago I received an envelope in which to remit monthly payments. And now this billet-doux asking me to remit 30 dollars (£9 2/6) within five days. Don't be silly! Maybe your customers are always right, but they have to go through a hell of a lot to prove it. Why don't you just forget you ever knew me? After all, there are lots of other girls who haven't bought typewriters from you. Deluge them with mail. I will fight this to the Supreme Court.—Signed, Janet S."

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JARGON, CLICHES AND PLAIN SPEAKING

(By Margaret Murray, Condensed from "Just Another Word")

Will the next translation of the Bible be allowed "to heal the sick?"

No, it will have "to rehabilitate those who are suffering from psychophysical maladjustment." I can see no reason why the Ministry of Health should not still seek to heal people instead of rehabilitating them. But heal—poor old Biblical monosyllable!

What appeals to me to-day is the inability of supposedly well-taught people to convey their meaning quickly and forcibly in language.

Whenever I pick up my wisp of a wartime newspaper, I find that the terms and phrases are more cumbersome than ever. What political correspondent, for example, would write simply. "Those who know say that things get worse?" Such a sentence, with its bare monosyllables,

would stand no chance to-day. It would certainly become, "In the opinion of authoritative circles at the higher levels it is considered that the situation is showing an increasing tendency to deteriorate." This is not a parody: it is pure transcript.

Nor is it only in the political and diplomatic commentaries that one finds this addiction to wordy, windy statements. Every Government Department in Britain has its favourite formulae of this kind and sometimes one word is a strong favourite with all at once.

The present darling of the Departments—and Fleet Street echoes gladly the boom of Departmental verbosity—is Rehabilitation, a word originally applied to the restoration of a degraded man's rank and privileges. By the middle of the 19th century it was occasionally used to mean restoration of other kinds. Suddenly it has become the administrator's pet. A year or two ago nothing was mended, renewed or restored. Everything had to be reconditioned. Now reconditioning has been supplanted by rehabilitation, which has the merit of being one syllable longer.

Waste of print and paper apart, does this lust for jargon do any harm? I think it does. It helps to clog speech and writing and thus to make a slow, weak ooze of words instead of the keen and forceful jet which human expression ought to be. That the use of long complicated words instead of simple short ones is tedious is one nuisance; but that it is inefficient is a far greater plague. The more people wrap their thoughts in this wadding, the less surely do they drive into the minds of their readers and listeners.

Educational authorities are often just as bad as anybody else, and the academic elite of the professorial chairs are guilty of piling long words into long sentences in which the meaning is suffocated. Editorial experience has over and over again brought home to me that educated people, who may have something really important to say, care very little about their way of saying it.

Imagine a highly trained man charged with drawing up a report on which he believes that important action must be taken. It is obvious that he must convince his readers as well as inform them. Or he may be stating a case of some department, some sect, some movement, some policy. Does he often pause to con-

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sider the means of this persuasion as well as the matter of it?

In other branches of life he would take great trouble about his instrument. The craftsman is proud and careful of his tools: the surgeon does not operate with an old razor-blade; the sportsman fusses happily and long over the choice of rod, gun, club or racquet. But the man who is working in words, unless he is a professional author (and not always then), is singularly neglectful of his implements. He does not realise that, in many cases, the fewer the words the more forcible their impact. He does not stop to think that others may not stop to read. Does he reflect that his first sentence, his first paragraph, must arouse attention, state the issue, and generally strike at our sympathy? Rarely indeed.

One knows the temptations. Long words sound imposing—or seem to do so. So in come the “deteriorating situations,” the “reconditionings” and the “rehabilitations.” A man does not want to be too precise for reasons of security. So arrive the “authoritative circles” and the “well-informed quarters,” which, after all, only mean, as a rule, the Press officer of a Government Department. Moreover, it is not easy, especially for a tried or a busy man, to avoid clichés. They are savers of time and trouble. It is hard work to think out afresh the words which you may most effectively use in each sentence. So why not fetch one of the well-known packets off the shelf?

When I look at my leading article, there they all are. Still “plans bid fair to come to fruition.” Still “new avenues are opened” for diplomatic exploration; still “the proposals are couched in friendly terms.” Does

the leader-writer, when bidden to sup with neighbours, explain to his wife that “the proposal is couched in friendly terms,” that “dietary conditions at The Laurels show no signs of deterioration,” that he does not believe the soup, at any rate, will be “in short supply”? Does he “counsel acceptance” of the invitation? No; he says “We’d better go.” But he could never write thus.

Yet to compose with the cumbrous reach-me-downs, while it saves bother, must surely blunt the effect. More and more do I find myself put into a coma by English of this sort. It has to be remembered that most people in offices, even in wartime, when economy of words and paper should be paramount, are surfeited with minutes, drafts, reports and publications of every kind. All the more reason for brevity and pungency in writing. Very rarely do we have it.

RACING FIXTURES—1945

MAY.

A.J.C. (Warwick Farm)	Saturday, 5th
Sydney Turf Club	Saturday, 12th
Hawkesbury	Saturday, 19th
Sydney Turf Club	Saturday, 26th

JUNE.

Rosehill	Saturday, 2nd
Rosebery	Saturday, 9th
A.J.C.	Saturday, 16th
A.J.C.	Saturday, 23rd
Sydney Turf Club	Saturday, 30th

JULY.

Rosehill	Saturday, 7th
Sydney Turf Club	Saturday, 14th
A.J.C.	Saturday, 21st
Sydney Turf Club	Saturday, 28th

AUGUST.

A.J.C. (Warwick Farm)	Saturday, 4th
Sydney Turf Club	Saturday, 11th
Sydney Turf Club	Saturday, 18th
Red Cross Meeting (Randwick),	Saturday, 25th

SEPTEMBER.

Sydney Turf Club	Saturday, 1st
Tattersall's	Saturday, 8th
Rosehill	Saturday, 15th
Hawkesbury	Saturday, 22nd
A.J.C.	Saturday, 29th

OCTOBER.

A.J.C.	Saturday, 6th
A.J.C.	Saturday, 13th
City Tattersall's	Saturday, 20th
Rosebery	Saturday, 27th

NOVEMBER.

Rosehill	Saturday, 3rd
Sydney Turf Club	Saturday, 10th
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm)	Saturday, 17th
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm)	Saturday, 24th

DECEMBER.

Sydney Turf Club	Saturday, 1st
Sydney Turf Club	Saturday, 8th
Sydney Turf Club	Saturday, 15th
A.J.C.	Saturday, 22nd
A.J.C.	Wednesday, 26th
Tattersall's	Saturday, 29th

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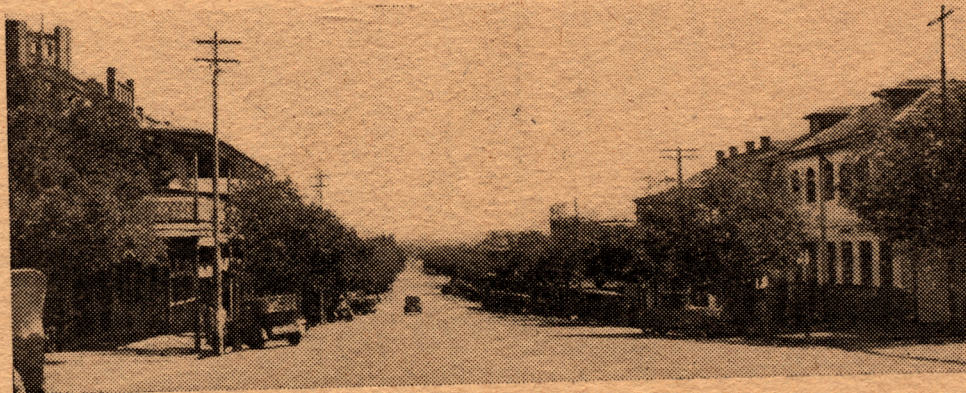
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NARRANDERA

IF ever a town had the right to be called the focal place for exploration—for settlement—in fact, as the chosen spot wherefrom sprang the beginnings of one of our richest pastoral and agricultural areas, that town is Narrandera.

This "door of the south-west" was first discovered by Capt. Charles Sturt on December 11th, 1829, while the explorer was searching for the source of the Murrumbidgee River. With truly prophetic words Capt. Sturt recorded in his diary his opinion that the land around the Narrandera of the day, despite the scanty vegetation, had definite future possibilities for agricultural development rather than for grazing.

The name was originally "Narran-dera" and there is, as frequently is the case, some controversy about the actual meaning. It is agreed that Narra or Narrung signifies the type of lizard known as the "Jew", although it has been suggested also that it means "Gnaren"—hungry. Derra, dera or dra all mean "place" but a further definition is that the word should be "doors" which is "spear" and that the name was given to the place by an elated old aborigine headman who proclaimed proudly "I have speared a lizard".

In the year 1848 came the first "squatter-settler" in the person of Edward Flood, a worthy pioneer who created and maintained a great tradition in the district.

Other early settlers included William Taylor, "Bundidgery"; William Thorn, "Yanco"; John Dallas, "Cadjaldery"; George Hill, another "Yanco", and F. & J. Jenkins who held "Buckinbong" and "Gillenbah" immediately opposite Narrandera.

In common with most of our country towns, Narrandera's first roads were tracks through the bush; these were followed by bridle paths and later came stock routes over which herds of sheep and cattle were driven. The earliest of these routes was the one from Wagga to Melbourne; in those days the township site of Narrandera was a camping place for drovers and teamsters.

As far back as 1858, a steamer called the "Albury", piloted by Capt. Francis Cadell, and plying between Adelaide and Gundagai, called at Narrandera.

It is of interest to note that the first organised land transport was the service provided by the coaches of Cobb & Co.—this in the early 60's.

Of all the outstanding pioneers and builders of Narrandera, perhaps the late Sir Samuel McCaughey could be considered the most prominent. This remarkable man landed in Melbourne in 1856 and, after serving as a jackaroo, bought, in the 60's, "Coonong" station, later adding Toorall and Dunlop—holdings totalling over 3,000,000 acres.

Floods were not infrequent along the Murrumbidgee in those days but, owing to banking and "run-offs", little damage eventuated. However, although a surplus of water was only

too painfully apparent on occasions in those early days, the usual need of the settlers was for water, and it was this general lack which led Sir Samuel McCaughey to pioneer irrigation in the district.

A topographical survey of Narrandera made in 1859 described the district thus:—"Partly sandy hills, flats liable to inundation with numerous creeks, among them Yanco, Cudgel and Bundigery, also lagoons and some deep water-holes."

With the enactment of Sir John Robertson's Land Act in 1861, the township became firmly established and settlers of the time included J. Jackson, J. Conn, J. Hilton, J. G. & H. J. Mair, G. H. Stevens, G. Rogers, W. & G. H. Flood, G. Nye and A. Clarke.

Gold was found on Bundidgery in 1866 by the brothers Halbisich. These men were employed by John Lupton of Berrenbed and came across a reef while doing clearing work. Two American drovers, Fraser and Hunt, with some experience of mining, assisted in forming a small syndicate which was named "The Countess of Belmore Claim".

The find showed great promise at first but in less than twelve months the venture petered out. There have been other discoveries of gold in the district but Narrandera does not owe its eminence of today to the yellow metal.

The first tangible move towards railway communication was made in 1867 but, owing to a dispute, work on the line was delayed so that the service from Junee to Narrandera did not commence until February 28th, 1881.

The Narrandera Argus, first published by Samuel Gill, was started in 1877 and has since given unbroken service. Incidentally, one of the editorial headaches of the early days was the controversy over the spelling of Narrandera—"N.A.R.R.", or the more commonly used "Narandera."

In 1883 the Pastoral, Agricultural & Horticultural Association opened its showground almost simultaneously with the fine hospital and in 1885 the township was incorporated a Municipality with Ald. R. H. Ferrier as the first Mayor.

In the late 80's, water conservation was commenced and in 1891 a reservoir opened, this being situated on the crown of the hill north of the railway station. The water was raised by steam and was the beginning of a service which today is capable of providing for the

needs of Narrandera's present large population.

Until 1900 the district was given almost entirely to sheep and, in a lesser degree, wheat. There were also numerous saw mills although this industry practically vanished as the timber was gradually cut out.

With irrigation came new ventures—dairy farming and fruit growing came into prominence and have grown and prospered over the years.

In 1903 Sir Samuel McCaughey received the honour of a Knighthood, but the proudest moment of his life came when the Minister for Works turned the waters of Bundidgery into Cudal Creek, giving a reticulation of more than 120 square miles—truly splendid fulfilment of this great man's belief in irrigation.

Today Narrandera depastures many thousands of sheep and a lesser but yet considerable number of cattle and horses.

The wheat production runs into outstanding figures and there are in addition some thousands of acres under hay and other crops.

Narrandera, since irrigation, has moved forward rapidly—changing its industries from purely pastoral to the development of all primary products and their marketing.

At Narrandera many services for comfort and recreation are installed, including electricity which came in 1911. Sport is well catered for by a sports ground and swimming baths, and public spirit is apparent by the numerous institutions and associations which function for the social welfare of the community.

The future is bright for Narrandera, for with the development of post-war planning will come greater attention to irrigation, carrying vast and far-reaching results so that we can visualise in this door to the rich south-west the portals to an era of great development.



Narrandera Branch.

THE RURAL BANK
OF NEW SOUTH WALES